



**does it taste  
good?**

**orphan\_account**

## does it taste good? by orphan\_account

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**Summary:**

reader is on her period and it really drives penny crazy

## does it taste good?

### Author's Note:

Im Sorry I Wanna Fuck The Clown

idk if i tagged this right oopsie

You sighed shakily and tried to shut your legs as you felt his fingers on your clit. It was a bad choice. You knew that, but the instinct to close them was always too strong. It was always worth it, though. You felt hot drool dripping down your neck and his fingers moved faster over your clit, as if he was too impatient to wait and wanted you to come *now*. You closed your eyes and tried rocking your hips forward, just to get a little more friction, but it wasn't enough. You knew he wouldn't let you have it so easily.

"Oh, you're *very* wet." he growled. He dug his claws into your thighs as he pushed his fingers into you, not caring to stop until his knuckles brushed against your clit. He leaned over your shoulder and peered down at your throbbing cunt as he roughly thrust his fingers inside.

You could smell your own blood as he kept moving his fingers, but the worst part was the loud slick noises that accompanied it. The sounds filled you with an embarrassment you had never known and sent your stomach twisting with anxiety as you squirmed under him. "Ah..."

"Shall we have a taste?" he dragged his tongue over his pointed teeth as he pulled his fingers out of you, leaving a long string of blood and your fluids. He rubbed his fingers together and watched the blood slid down his wrist and drip onto your thighs. He didn't stop there. Oh, no. He brought his fingers to your lips as his lips stretched into a mocking grin.

"W-wait!" you gasped, but the moment you opened your mouth, he pushed his dripping fingers past your lips and held your mouth shut. His eyes had started to slowly change go that deep honey color, and you knew you were in trouble now. You hesitantly sucked on his

fingers, even though the metallic taste and the *smell* made you gag.

"Ah, ah." he giggled in that creepy way of his and forced his fingers further down your throat. He kept them there and forced you to choke on your own fluids until you were red in the face and tears had started spilling over your cheeks. He then pulled them out, but not without holding his dripping fingers in front of your face and taunting you by wiggling them.

You wrinkled your nose and tried to move away from those offending fingers, but he wouldn't allow that. You gasped when he grabbed your chin and forced you to watch him as he suckled on his fingers, but he didn't stop there. He used his thumb to hold your mouth open and leaned over you, slowly letting pink-tinged drool flow down his chin and into your mouth.

"Doesn't it taste *goood*?" he grinned and licked his lips again, but that only smeared the blood and drool over his chin. He pushed his fingers back into your pussy and roughly ground his heel against your clit as he moved them, just to keep you on edge. His laugh echoed throughout the sewers as he felt your walls tightening down on his fingers. "What a good girl..."

You tried to cover your mouth, but his claws started to dig into your wrist the moment you tried moving your hand. You struggled to keep your thighs apart as you felt yourself getting closer. The smell was so sickening, but it felt so *good* to have his thick fingers pushing into you. You wanted nothing more than to clamp your legs shut and grind against his fingers, but you knew he would never allow that.

"Such a good girl. Are you close?" he teasingly flicked his tongue against your neck, right where the jugular might be. He even dragged his teeth over the side of your neck, just enough to create a small stream of blood trickling down your collarbones. He laughed again when the sweet smell of your fear filled his nostrils.

Your thighs were starting to tremble now, but not just from the fear of him eating you. You couldn't stop yourself from desperately rocking against his fingers, trying to force them in deeper. "Please, *ahh...*!" you flinched when you felt his teeth on your neck again, but at the same time the feeling set a shot of arousal to your groin and

made you feel warm all over.

"My good girl..." he grunted, a guttural growl vibrating from deep in his throat. His face was splitting into more rows of teeth, and drool had begun to soak into his ruffled collar and drip down your breasts. The uniform had even ripped around his thighs and crotch as his thick appendage forced its way through the fabric and had started growing in length, trying to get close to your slick lips.

"P-please!" you cried out, hips moving roughly against his fingers as you tightened down on them. You moaned embarrassingly loud as you felt the heat of an orgasm washing over you, but it was too late to hold anything back. Your eyes started to roll back into your head when his fingers pulled out and started rubbing at your clit again. The overstimulation and the heat sent you drooling and falling limp against him.

"*Such a good girl...*" he snarled. His fingers left your twitching clit and instead moved to hold your thighs open, the thick claws digging into your soft skin. His dripping, burning appendage forced its way deep into you and started to swell, even though there wasn't nearly enough room to accommodate its size. "*Such....a good...girl for me...*"

You let out a hoarse cry as he pushed you onto your stomach and that *thing* started thrusting into you. It was impossibly thick and hotter than anything you'd ever felt. You were frozen in pain, too scared to move out of fear that you'd hurt yourself and too scared of what he would do to you. You managed to crane your neck in a way that allowed you to look over your shoulder, and that was your mistake.

His face was changing rapidly as he snapped his hips forward. His jaw had stretched impossibly wide and his rows of teeth kept growing and retracting. Thick globs of drool clung to his teeth and slipped down his chin, dripping onto your back and created a hot pool beneath you. He kept making strange clicking and growing sounds as he rocked his hips, and became louder as his appendage started to swell even more.

"Too much..." you gasped, but your voice was barely a whisper now. You were exhausted from your first overwhelming orgasm, and the

feeling of his slipperly *thing* moving inside of you only further added to the overstimulation you had experienced. You felt pressure on the back of your head and suddenly you were being forced against the mattress, with the clown hovering over you and moving roughly against your rear.

"So...good..." he rasped, suddenly becoming strangely still as hot cum spilled into you. He let out a low throaty growl and started moving again, even as his cum was still pouring into you and even dripping onto the mattress beneath you. His claws tightened on the back of your head and ripped through the mattress as he started moving his hips erratically.

Your thighs twitched uncomfortably as another orgasm came over you. You moaned into the mattress and weakly tried pushing your hips back, but he was already pulling out of you, leaving a mess of thick cum to drip from your sore pussy. You cried out of frustration at the loss of contact, but then that *thing* started lapping at your lips and brought you back to your shivering, drooling state of overstimulation.

He laughed and forced his claws deeper into your hips to hold you still. "Is it too much for you, *human*?" he grumbled, more drool slipping down his chin as he watched fresh blood bubbling under his claws. He knew he was getting carried away, but it felt too good for him to stop now. He grew bolder and forced his appendage to grow larger and longer, enough to where it could curl around your thighs and still push its way inside of you.

You made a weak gurgling sound and your eyes rolled back into your head as the world started fading. Your insides were burning again and the smell of your own blood was making you dizzy. You couldn't tell if it was from *there* or from Penny's own sadistic doing. Another pathetic roll of your hips, and he was gone, the pressure around your head and hips strangely absent. You glanced over your shoulder, blinking rapidly as you tried to focus on his fading figure.

"I'll be back, sweet treat." he rasped as he started walking away, heading deeper into the sewers.

**Author's Note:**

im really ashamed and embarrassed